

# The Rubicon

By Anna Von Reitz



Years ago I was privileged to correspond with Mary Croft. Mary is a legend for her ability to cut to the chase and say no to bureaucrats with authority and grace. Just that. No.

No, you have no right or authority to vaccinate me or say one word to me about my health or lack of it. Private business. No contract. No compliance. No presumptions allowed.

Mary has demonstrated the Power of No on a perennial basis.

No to property taxes. No to registrations of any kind. No to foreclosures. No to the idea of private "persons" being saddled with public debts. No to government intrusion. No to Agencies --- not just Agency overreach, no to Agency pretensions of authority, full stop.

No to alleged Public Trust Interests of any kind.

Just stand there on your flat little feet and give the would-be Judge a baleful stare as Mary did on many occasions and say no.

This is where the buck stops and the pedal hits the metal--- that one little word: no.

I didn't give anyone any Power of Attorney over me or my assets and if any dirty dog claims otherwise, bring him forward to be examined. Watch the guilty prosecutors turn green.

There is an attitude, something that comes from freeing yourself from the illusions of authority, a result of growing up and being an adult and being self-responsible --- a sort of personal Rubicon that is involved.

Like Julius Caesar, we crossed that river. We are never going back. No, I didn't agree to mortgage my house to pay off public debts. No, I don't owe anyone any property taxes.

No, I don't agree to the Federal Reserve Scheme. I denominate all funds as Lawful Money.

No, I am not under any obligation of servitude to anyone, and that includes the court.

No, I don't drive motor vehicles. I go from one place to another using my own car, which I paid for with my own labor. Any questions?

No, you've got it wrong. I am the Employer and you are the Employee. It's my opinion that counts.

So long as I am not hurting another living being or damaging their property, you have no right or reason to even speak to me. And if you want to allege that I injured you, it's on your head to prove it.

Somehow, Mary Croft woke up one morning, shook her head, took in the view and blew the illusion of authority right out the window. She owned herself and exercised her own authority, and she did it with such incisive logic and purity of intent, that the paper dragons blew away like dust in the wind.

It doesn't require a degree in law. What it requires, in abundance, is common sense, and the guts to open up your mouth and say what's true.

Just say it. No. No. No. No. No.

I did not give my authority away to the Community Council. I did not give the Municipal Assembly power to dictate how I decorate my garage. Or how often I water my lawn. I didn't allow the City Council any ability to shut the doors of my business.

Let's see the contract with my name and signature on it.

No, I didn't give away my proxy to any U.S. Senator.

No, I didn't vote for Mayor Bergdick.. No contract on my part.

No, I am not part of any democracy. That's some other nation and government. Not mine. I live in a republican state, thank you.

No, I don't have any Federal Income. And if anyone gave me any, I denominated it as Lawful Money, so there's an end to that discussion.

Mary's attitude, and mine, is actually easy to adopt, and the Magic Words are easy enough to say. It's a matter of finding that Rubicon within yourself and saying good-bye to whatever External Authority Figure haunts your mind.

That figure, that black-robed Judge, is an Officer of a Probate Court, here to ask who you are. Tell him.

You, Sir, are my Employee. And all that you are supposed to be doing for me, is working on actual Maritime and Admiralty cases, not trying to impose any "Special Admiralty" jurisdiction on me.

My government didn't go anywhere. It's not absent, and neither am I. No, in fact, we are in Session. Right here. Right now. If you have any questions, it's time for an in camera hearing in your Chambers.

I last spoke with Mary about three years ago. She called to chew the fat and commiserate. Teaching people to stand up for themselves and think for themselves is a thankless task, especially as it isn't something that yields to logic alone.

"You have to feel it in your bones," Mary said, and as usual, she was right. Find your Rubicon, and cross it.

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